REGAINING IRISH LANDS

WHAT THE ANTI-GRAZING AGITATION HAS DONE.

Peasantry Once More Taking the Fertile Fields From Which They Were Driven Centuries Ago—The Sinn Feiners and the Outlook for a New Political War.

DUBLIN, June 29.—The Irish peasants have triumphed. They entered upon a war to gain the grass lands, and although the sounds of battle are still heard here and there their victoy has been complete. This will be the last year of the grazier as a tenant of the great grass farms, for both landlord and cattle owner have made up their minds that cattle ranching is a thing of the past.

It cannot be denied that the Liberal Government of England has materially helped the people. Past administrations would have sent to jail by order of the coercion court every man found in conspiracy against the grazier and the landlord; but the present rules adopted another course. They hauled out as an instrument of punishment an act passed by King Edward III., which does not imprison but merely binds the wrongdoer over to keep the peace. True, some men have been sent to jail, but only because they refused to give bail for good behavior. The policeman appears in a new rôle. He has been turned into a cowboy to watch the cattle, with instructions not to arrest the cattle raider, but to mark him down if identified to come under the law of the long dead monarch. The bulk of the Royal Irish Constabulary have thus been drafted into the south and west of Ireland, but the days of buckshot and bludgeoning are over. The constabulary man is a mixture of peaceful persuader and cowherd, and the whole thing is only fun to the people. Fun and profit. For the grazier and the landlord have at last recognized that the transfer of the land must be full and complete—that the Land Commission must buy for the peasantry not only the bog lots and agricultural slums, but the best land in the country, which has for long been given over to grazing.

This land question dates far back. It goes away to the days of Oliver Cromwell, who invaded the country and brushed back the Irish. As history relates, he told them that they must go either to a warm place or to Connaught, and to Connaught he drove them. The worst curse the peasant can heap on his enemy is "the curse of Cromwell," and no matter where you find the battered ruins of a castle in the country you hear that the masonry gave way under the guns of the vandal Oliver. Then Cromwell was not always able to pay his army in cash, so he made the soldiers grants of the lands that had been conquered, and the officers bought the share of the privates for a small consideration. Thus came into being the Irish landlord.

The old stock Irish were driven to the western bogs and the stony mountain side, and there they remain until this day, when a Government department is considering how they may be taken away from their barren surroundings and planted on profitable land. What Cromwell did not do the landlord of a few generations ago did. The growing of wheat and corn became unprofitable; the raising of cattle became vastly profitable. Therefore the landlord drove his tenants off the good grass lands and turned their holdings into grazing ranches, which he rented to cattlemen on an eleven months lease. There came agitation, then a congested districts board to remove the dense bogland populations on to untenanted land; and there came the Land Purchase act, by which the Government is gradually purchasing the agricultural districts and handing them over to the people, who will be Government tenants until the price is paid off, the people getting their farms from the State on the hire purchase system. The owner of the bogland and the unprofitable estate was keen to sell; he who owned the profitable cattle ranch held back. Hence the anti-grazing agitation, which after a few months has succeeded. Many graziers have bowed to the will of the people, and the majority of the remainder have given undertakings never to graze cattle again. The landlords of the ranches are approaching the Government to buy, and the Government is quick and anxious to purchase.

A drive through Connaught and Munster shows how miserably most of the peasants live. It is common to find families grouped in one room mud hovels situated in black bog where the toiler is compelled actually to make the land for himself. A pair of goats, a wretched cow and perhaps a donkey may make out a precarious living among the coarse grass and reeds on the outer bog, and from the miserable soil the peasant by incessant labor wins a crop of vegetables if the fates are good and draws blank if the potato blight comes along. The ordinary self-respecting human being would refuse the land as a gift and would rather go to the poorhouse than face the fates on the Irish bog farm.

I have found people living on "farms" that are subject to periodical floods, on land that cannot be drained, on unproductive soil, on holdings which they have actually made by clearing away rocks and stones and conveying the land up by donkey load. More, I have seen hundreds living on the brink of a horrible disaster. Those people in the bogs in hilly districts are in wet seasons ever under the shadow of the bog-burst. The rain descends and sinks under the peet. An underground lake is formed; there is a tremble, a shiver, and in a moment the bog comes sliding down in a mass of black liquid mud to overwhelm everything in its course. There have been many fatal bogslides in the past and several in the recent past. In one peat rush which the writer saw the ooze flowed down, fortunately, in the daytime so that the people had time to escape to safety. The bog moved, it encircled the cottages; it climbed up them; it buried them.

The most comfortable house of the ordinary peasant met in two provinces was a thatched stone structure with an opening in place of a chimney. It was but a single room, and in it lived five human beings, some fowls and a goat. Other houses had not the live stock in them; but they were not stone houses. The man with a stone cottage is well off. The man near a town who has a cottage with tiles on the roof is a nabob; he who has a "slate house" and possesses a pony and cart is one to whom hats must be raised.

But if the peasants are not well housed, it must be admitted that the majesty of the British law is upheld in structures not much better in many districts. Several "courts" might well be turned into barns or cattle houses. Low ceiled whitewashed cottages with leaky roofs of straw thatch built for the accommodation of a single family. Into such were crowded magistrates, lawyers, policemen, prisoners the members of the press and the public. No can ever left the Chicago packing houses more closely filled than the Irish petty sessions court when a case of public interest is on. In one in the County Roscommon we were tightly wedged against each other from wall to wall, there was no ventilation beyond a small window and the place was solid with the smell of peat smoke that is borne by the clothing of every peasant in Ireland.

One of the most saddening things that strikes the returned Irishman who travels through the mournful west and south is the depopulation of the country. Where twenty years ago one saw in the towns and villages large populations of vigorous husky young people, he now finds the people to be mostly very young or very old. Little is seen of the old time crowds of strong, well set up youth that were the pride of Ireland. They have scattered. They have gone over the Atlantic or crossed the Channel to work in the English fields or factories. So few have been left behind that at harvest time the farmers cannot obtain laborers. The coutry has been bled and its still bleeding. At almost every railway station in Munster and Connaught on steamer days you may see mobs of young men and women with their travelling bags waiting to be conveyed to Queenstown to cross to the States. They were so numerous a week ago that the steamers had to leave behind several hundreds to wait for berths in other ships.

Stand at any of the railway depots in Dublin when the big trains come in with excursionists from the country for the exhibition and you see one of the most striking results of the emigration drain. The excursionists are mostly women, who are generally old, with a sprinkling of men, also mostly old. Of joyous youth little is seen. Twenty years, ten years, even five years ago those trains would have disgorged loads of muscular, strong limbed young Irishmen, fit to go anywhere and to do anything.

The disease is there, and it is for the political doctor to diagnose the case and cure it. Mr. Croker tells me that a measure of Home Rule would in his opinion be an adequate remedy. He believes that with self-government Ireland would revive. Industries would be started, employment would be provided that would keep the young at home, agriculture would improve, and he is confident that many Irish-Americans who have made fortunes would like himself make an eastern course over the Atlantic to spend the eventime of life in a contented Ireland. The Nationalist political physician agrees that Home Rule will restore the patient to health, but the independent onlooker at the patient's bed sees complications that will retard the cure. Without union we are told there can be no hope of obtaining the Home Rule medicine from the English dispensary. This unity is becoming more and more remote.

In its recent turning the political keleidoscope had evolved the Sinn Fein party, which wants Ireland to stand by her own efforts at home and to withdraw the Parliamentary party from Westminster. The Sinn Feiners are the youngest and most vigorous of the politicians and their doctrines have taken a firm hold upon the country. So popular is the movement that it is declared by the politicians that the United Irish League can only thrive by falling in with the organization and following its lines. As the United Irish League is controlled by the Parliamentarians, the latter will admit that they are on the horns of a dilemma, since they refuse to march shoulder to shoulder with Sinn Fein. Added to this, the party has the refusal of Messrs. Healy and O'Brien to reenter their fold and a further split in the camp caused by the desertion of a trio of Sinn Fein members of Parliament because Mr. Redmond refused to withdraw from Westminster to lead a vigorous campaign in Ireland.

Thus stand the fighting forces at the moment. There is a pause in the operations, but the army is forming up for a further advance, and it is a noteworthy fact that the people, whether they belong to Sinn Fein or the other side, are imbued with a spirit equal to that which impelled Mr. Parnell's movement forward. The revival of the league is to be pushed forward and arrangements have been made for the holding of meetings throughout Ireland from sea to sea which will be addressed by the most strenuous speakers that the country can produce.

The first shots of the renewed battle will soon be fired and the leaders are confident of victory. The authorities of Dublin Castle are more perturbed over the situation than they have been for the last twenty years. They know that the old physical force spirit has been revived throughout the country and that the men who are about to fight will court the prison cell. They are ill equipped to deal with the coming struggle. Even now, with the anti-grazing movement in a quiescent state, they have every available constable in the west and south, while owing to the scarcity of men they have had to call out the military to help the police in the north.

A BOG HOLDING IN CONNAUGHT DURING A BOG-SLIDE

AN IRISH COUNTRY LAW-COURT.

ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY HOLDING A VILLAGE.

THE MOST COMFORTABLE COTTAGE IN CONNAUGHT.

IN THE OLD BRICK CHURCH.

Smithers Tells of a Practical Joke That Ended in a Murder.

We wandered down the mounting side, over a road as black and lonely as if it led from limbo to Fiddler's Green—Mrs. Flamingo on me arm and Gentleman Jarge Ringgold in the rear. The fitful flames from the motor car had ceased to light our dubus way, as silent we progrissed from anywhere to nowhere.

What is there to say whin wan is rapped with t'oughts—rapped over the head with thim? Mrs. Flamingo now knew that her husband wud take anny risk up to capital crime to be rid of her. Jarge was sufferin' from the mortificashun which comes from bein' cart in a dutty mess, while I was wonderin' not so much how we wud git out of the prisent scrape as what we cud get out of it.

Besides, there is somethin' about the vision of suddint deat that strikes wan dumb. We had barely escaped from bein' swep' up into the empereen be the fiery whullwind from the explodin' car. How cud we chat whin our teet' was still chatterin'? How cud we scintillate mintally whin we had come so clus to scintillatin' physically? I know the strengt' of me tongue was well nigh spint from cleavin' to the roof of me mout'.

We kem to the mounting's base, to where crass roads met and parted without a hint of where they were goin'—they were so crass.

"We must t'row up a cint," said Jarge for the fust.

"Two cints," I aminded, "since there are four of thim."

Just thin from the right there kem a sound, an approachin' sound, the sound of singin'—from the old fashuned wuds and tune and grace nuts and quivers, the very v'ice of the dead.

> Do you recall that night in June
> Upon the Danoob River?
> We listened to the landlord's tune,
> We watched the moonbeams shiver.

So the ditty ran—since such activity can be applied to molasses—and as I listened I seemed to see ghosts of the past, in hoopskuts and brass coats with blue buttons, be candlelight around a melodjun.

Yit there was manly strengt' in the v'ice, too, mingled with a dreamy sympathy—qualities to be remimbered.

Nearer and nearer kem the v'ice, with the patter of hoofs and the grit of wheels as an accompanimint, and faster and faster ag'nst my arm beat Mrs. Flamingo's heart. I was just about to ask her whedder I cudn't fetch a chair, or a glass of water, though knowin' full well that I cudn't, whin like a sprite, unly spryer, she flitted up over the wheel and into the buggy. There was a whispered wud, the whip snapped and lashed, and off they wint like a combinashun of Tam O'Shanty and the wonderful wan hoss shay driv' by a tipsy passon.

"I'm glad of it," said Jarge. "Whoiver he is she recognized his v'ice, despite the cotton wads of years—she detummined to trust her fate in his hands, well knowin' that it has been in wuss. The worrold is a small place——"

"Whin you don't want to meet a certain passon, but mighty big whin you dooes, accardin' to my exper'ence," I broke in.

"And the mystic bonds unitin' two hearts, though pulled outer sight be trouble, may snap back whin least expected," he wint on unheedin'. "Let her go, I say, with no more luck than that she may niver see us [illegible]. There's stunner work ahead, Smithers. This unknown must hev' come along the main road; it will lead us back to Cadiz Inn, where Mrs. Flamingo is awaitin' with Miss Brune the news of the succiss of his [illegible] plot. Blow me up in his automobile, will he, togedder with his innocint wife? It will be the most expensive blow-out he iver gev' before I gits t'roo with him, so help me."

And Jarge, so overwrought be shame, mortificashun, fear and rage, rolled on the ground in an agony of tears.

II.

I stepped out from the black dark, and stud at the side of the piazza, listenin' to Mark Flamingo as he harangued the crowd. It was a motley gatherin', and that's a good wud for thim, too, for I t'ink they had been gathered with malice prepinse by him. There was the landlord of Cadiz Inn, whom he was addressin'. There was hostlers and farmers and barroom idlers. There was an editor and a chief of police, the lean and fat of the nearest town. And in the background glowered Miss Brune, the goddess of the hull mercheen, as such she wore.

If Flamingo's face had been anny redder it wud have been pupple—rile pupple. And his wuds slapped and stung like inwisible darts, they kem out with sech force.

"Don't tell me," he stormed, "she has deserted me, the wife of me buzzum, deserted me with me recr'ant frind, Jarge Ringgold, and be dooble cussed to him, eloped in me motor car be the light of the moon—may it blow thim bot' to the depths of the odder side of it——"

"It has," says I solemn, steppin' fort like a missinger of woe, barrin' the habiliments.

"And thin with that glibness which kin allus put trut' on the blink, I told how, while takin' a respit from tile on the mounting side, I had seen the car go up kersmash like Elijah in the fiery funnace.

"They hev' borne her carse to the Brookside House, where now it lies," I concluded, a quick sicond to it.

"And the wretch, the betrayer, the vile, low Thario?" he gapped.

"They haven't collicted him yit," I answered tussly. "There wasn't a rake handy."

Thin follered the sicond scene in the drammer—a scene, I believe, long and carefully rehearsed—ominous wud—be Flamingo in the dull and dark recesses of his mind. He begged wan and all to forgit what he had said—to hold his sorrow sacrid, to leave him alone with his grief. Death, he said, had blotted out all bitterness; he remimbered the dear departed unly as she was whin, the whitest of lilies, he plucked her from the parent stem. He wud ask thim, thin, each and ivery, to repair to their respictive homes. He wud consign his honored acquaintance, Miss Brune, to the festerin' care of Mine Host, as the conveniences demanded. He himself wud see to it that the last sad rites were perfummed at the Brookside House.

And so, prisently, it kem about that I found mesilf drivin' Mark Flamingo to his distinashun in the pony cart, which that marnin' had brought Mrs. Flamingo and Miss Brune to the Cadiz Inn.

A surly compan'un; he set silent, his head sunk low in his coat collar, broodin', as he had brooded all day, over the devus ways of his selfish will. "You might have a few narvous puttybashuns, old chap, for all your a plum," I t'ought to mesilf, "if you unly knew what was comin' toward you."

For by this time I was fummly convinced that all which Jarge had foreseen in the clarity of his high excitement wud surely come to pass. I had explained to him, as soon as he rekivered sufficient from his feline fit to think and to speak, that Brookside House was the unly odder hotel within many miles. As it was obvus that Mrs. Flamingo, and her newly found, mysterus protector, wud not retunn to Cadiz Inn, it was ekally aperient that they must go to the Brookside.

I had also described to him the sitoashun of the old brick church, a few rods from Brookside House; and we had decided that he shud watch there until Mark Flamingo, invigeled by me, appeared.

A bleak and lonely spot to wait—for manny years the anc'ent edifice had unly been church in name, its congregashun scattered, the v'ice of its pastor stilled, its pews and lofts given over to rats and bats—and not of the human sort eeder, as sometimes happens in churches far more prosperous. Already it was shunned by the simple rustics as if haunted by the shadders and mists of its graveyard, and it was proof of Jarge's intinse and savage emoshuns that a man of his sinsibility had the hardihood to abide our coming.

But abide it he did. I was walkin' the horse, cussin' Jarge under me breat' for his us'al fickleness, we had almost passed the brick front, with the loom of Brookside House in sight, showin' wan light like a beckon—whin, as light as a thistle-down, as swift as a swaller, he swep' over the back of the cart, and settled like a t'ousand of bricks on Flamingo's head and shoulders. Whin a narvous waverer wanst makes up his mind to act, look out is my advice.

It was some time before Flamingo cud have known what struck him, and be that time he was wound about and kivered with the laprobe, and bound and tied with the hitchin' straps.

Deftly, we drove under the shed and hitched the old horse where manny an older wan had been hitched. Dext'rously we forced a way into the deserted auditorum, and thin having set up Flamingo in a front pew, like a lost soul, doomed to hear summons for iver and a day, we marched up the hill to where Brookside House was still showing its beckon.

III.

"Tell me, Jarge," I ast anx'us, "what sort of a cove do you think she picked up?"

"I don't think," he answered scarnful, "I know as plain as if I seen his pictur in an album of t'irty years ago. What did the song he was singin' to ease his loneliness tell you as to his age and sentimentality? An old sooter, Smithers, p'raps even her fustly, siparated from her by evil devices, knavish tricks, a snide divorce, mebbe, wan and all percured by this same divil of a Mark Flamingo, an Eeny Carden in a wud, who has come back just in the nick of time——"

"It was the Old Nick of time for that wan, I t'ought——"

"But this is a diff'rint sort of a woman, Smithers, the man niver counts; a woman scarned, betrayed, with this frish revalashun of Flamingo's treachery piled d'rectly on top of his mudderous designs, a woman whose hot love has tunned into a hatred so much hotter that it will consume her if it doesn't consume him. Mark me wuds; havin' gone with this new man at all, she has gone with him foriver, but on the condishun that he avenges her wrongs. Oh, a divvle of a woman, the more so for bein' sech an angel."

And so indeed it proved. We passed t'rough the bleak and barren intrance of the Brookside House to the recepshun room in the rear, where the single light bunned. They were seated on eder side of the table in deep convuss. He, a fine, portly, good natured man, kindly, genooine, ividently delighted with the unexpicted carse of events, if unly—that inivitable unly—the string didn't tug so; she, white faced, rigid, with comprissed lips, as if risen from a sickbed with the fever still in her eyes.

She barely tunned, she showed not a speck of surprise as we appeared. "I t'ought so," she said with a sort of gloomy satisfactun, "for wanst you are wilcome, men ready to do anything for pay——"

"Annybody, radder, madam," I began, with the fear of major punishmint in me heart.

But Jarge pushed for'ard fiercely, yet not forgittin' his slam of grace. "Ready and anx'us, madam," he declared, "but not for pay. Not all the gold in the world shall alloy my delight in gettin' back hard at that villain, now in our power, who sought to destroy us bot'."

"Now in your power? The Lord has delivered him into my hands——"

"Very likely," agreed Jarge sardonically, "since he is now in the Lord's house," and thin he wint on and told jist what we had done.

"Kitty," said the stout man imploringly, "since the present is so bright and the future so promising, why not leave the past, jest as we are goin' to leave this blessed country to take care of itself——"

She crassed over, and placed her two hands on his shoulders, bindin' low, with saft and smilin' face. "You great stoopid," she murmured fondly, "did you iver know me to harm a fly in the dear old days? I might scare wan, that is all, so that it wud go away and not bodder us more. That sounds like that comic song the boys used to sing thin, doesn't it? Oh, dear! This creetur' needs to be taught to keep his place. With all his bull strengt' and obstinacy, he is afeard of the dark, and spiruts and ghosts—my, what a 'fraidcat. Very well, I'll appear to him—he t'inks I am dead—don't I look spooky?"

She hurret to the little mantel mirror; with a deft twist, here and there, she ripped the trimmin' from her gownd, leavin' it blank white. With her black hair down, and her eyes rolled back—Lard save us, but I'd have had me head under the close if I had seen her.

"Stay here, sonny boy, and smoke in peace," she said, again beamin' on him like a Roarer of the misty marn. "Tis unly a practical joke at the wust, but it may have the effect of drivin' him as far and fast out of our lives as we wud have him."

She warned him playfully with her finger; still smiling like a mischievous child as she passed down the bleak and barren corridor, but whin the belated moonlight illumined her on the porch I shrunk back shiverin', as if somewan had trod on me grave. For so looked Jail whin about to strike the nail on the head.

IV.

Again we t'ree perceeded t'roo the night; but this time Mrs. Flamingo was on Jarge's arm, while I hung reluctant in the rear. Their heads were clus together, they were whisperin' ser'us; while as for me, I wore the feeble grin of wan who dooesn't know where he is goin' furder than that he is goin' wrong.

We halted at the vistry dure, which we had forced open, and Jarge explained their plans. "Mrs. Flamingo will approach him n'iseless up the cintre aisle from the pulpit," he said, "while we wait back be the vestibule to which he will naterally make a break in his fright. Thin we'll lam him good——"

"But the lap robe, the thongs," I interrupted.

"Surely," agreed Jarge, "I was remiss. Where's that toadsticker of yours, Smithers? She kin rip thim with wan cut."

And reluctant I fetched from me pocket, where I had often opened it in time of striss, my yaller jackknife, with big blade ground as sharp as a razzor and to a pin p'int, a weepon of a knife which Bowie hisself might have carret with pride.

She held the blade up to the moonlight, in which it shone as cold and white as her face. "He won't even know what set him free," she murmured, "it is so keen." And thin we passed t'rough into the auditor'um and to our stashuns—Mrs. Flamingo to the front and Jarge and me to the rear.

A wind had sprung up and was drivin' the scattered clouds now and agin acrost the face of the belated moon; varyin' dusk with glow, and bot' in a qualmy way. We seen her for a moment as she flitted up the cintre aisle, as ather'al as a wood nimp, to the pew where Mark Flamingo set moshunless, as we had placed him, a lump of a shadder which a bag of peanuts or a Peruv'an mummy might have med. Thin the blackness closed down like the slide on a glim, unly to light again prisintly and show——

A wild, distracted creetur' in white flyin' toward us with beautiful arms on high and black hair streamin' behind and blacker eyes all on fire.

"Fly, fly to wanst before it is too late," screamed Mrs. Flamingo; "I parted clot' and bandage with a single cut. He fell for'ard like a log—cold and dead. You had bound him too tight—he had suffocated an hour ago. Oh, that I shu'd have lived to see this day!" And with our hearts in our t'roats, leastwise I kin swear to the chill and trimbly feel of mine, we follered her out into the open.

"You men have barely time to make your escape," she wint on resistless. "You bot' were seen with him all day—this wan unly a short time ago——" meanin' me, oh Lard. "You must have some city of refuge—fly to it, I say, and lie low for your lives. As for us," and she looked toward the Brookside House with that same tinder exprisshun, "we'll be off to the odder side of the worrold in twenty-foor hours—oh, the bliss of it. Here, you will need money——" and she offered her puss.

"No, no; I tell you no," Jarge protisted pass'nately, but he looked at me sly, as he had ofting looked before. And without a wud I slipped it into me pocket, along with me scruples.

The next moment she was garn, fadin' into the dusk which the single light from the Brookside House med visible, glidin' out of sight as she glided from our lives forivor.

"Come," said Jarge with the shortness of despair, and right about face, we put acrost the fields as if the avinger of blood was on our track with his hounds. Thin I stopped suddint—all of a trimble. "My jack knife, Jarge?" I faltered. "She didn't have it with her—she must have dropped it in the church in her headlong dash——"

"Well, what of it?" he snapped. "Come on——"

"This much of it," I persisted, "it has me name, William Smithers, on its bone handle. I had a livin' chanct—but now—it is git it or swing." And though he hung on me clus, cussin', dissuadin', I doggedly prissed back to the church.

Alone I passed t'rough the vistry intrance, and up the middle aisle even as she had passed. I kem to the pew—I bint low and dragged the heavy, sodden farm clear where the moonlight wud touch it, and the rint bandages and clot' fell away from it on eeder side, showin' how strong and sheer had been her fust stroke with that long, keen steel.

Her fust stroke—do you mind? P'raps the trut' is creepin' over you now, as it snivered t'rough me whin I cart the horrid fear still lingerin' in the dead man's open eyes. He must have been alive—they must have seen her and thin——

I groped with me hands for the knife, and I found it, too. It was thrust up to the hilt into his left side under the fift' rib.

The Inquisitive Devil Fish.

From the Charleston Post.

Among the "big animals" represented in the Charleston Museum there are few more impressive in size or more fantastic in form than the huge manta or devil fish, which is at present sprawling, half hidden from the eyes of visitors, on the top of the bison case in Agassiz Hall. This specimen has had an interesting history.

A schooner was unloading her cargo near the breakwater on Sullivan's Island. To facilitate the work a hawser was stretched from the vessel to the shore, the slack of the rope danging a little way beneath the surface of the water.

Now the devil fish appears to be an animal of an investigating turn of mind and he is known to take an especial interest in such unusual things as ropes or cables swinging loose in the water or attached to anchors on the bottom, so it was not surprising that a large devil fish which happened along at about 7 o'clock one evening should have been attracted by the schooner's hawser and should immediately have set about satisfying his curiosity. His investigations resulted only in his becoming hopelessly entangled in the hawser, and after dragging the schooner, anchor and all, a distance of about half a mile he was finally, at about midnight, brought alongside and killed with harpoons and lances.

Cats Prey on Rabbits.

Beverly correspondence Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Farmers and gunners will take steps to have the game laws so amended so as to impose a fine upon owners of cats that kill wild rabbits, just as in the case of dogs caught chasing the cottontails.

At this season of the year there are numerous wild rabbits in the fields and woods close to the town, and three times as many of them are killed by cats as are caught by dogs. Some of the cats have become particularly skilful in stalking the young rabbits, and when within springing distance they pounce upon the unsuspecting bunny much as they would upon a rat.

HER TRIAL OF THE SIMPLE LIFE FAILED.

The Widow Decides That Remarriage Is Her Only Hope.

The truth dawned upon her that too much money was outgoing in proportion to what was incoming, while conscience, aided and abetted by common sense, worked upon that fear until she was nerved up to adopt measures of retrenchment which, though logical, gave inclination a jolt.

An itemized bill lay before her that had proved a conscience awakener.

First was the telephone.

Talk about a bargain counter as a temptation! The bargain counter is delusively harmless when compared with the telephone. A woman cannot resist it. You not only have to father your own bill, but every woman who calls has the telephone habit, and the minute she spies the receiver she remembers that she forgot to tell dear Reginald where to meet her, or she is so afraid her horrid dressmaker will not send her new gown in time, and "please, may I use the phone."

Then the item of messenger calls.

It is so easy to twirl the little announcer when one is in such a hurry—the mails are so slow and you want the note delivered at once, and of course the boy must wait for an answer. At the end of the month it forms a formidable combination with the phone item.

And then the tips. The boys are attentive, the maids obliging, hooking up gowns and staying up waiting for your return home tired out, when they help you undress.

The other item stared up with accusing leer, and the resolution to adopt a cheaper schedule took on proportions.

The widow experienced a sort of wrench at the thought of giving up the old associations, but common sense reasoned it out, and the hunt for a cheaper home became the occupation of her waking hours.

At last a place was found, not exactly habitable, but which "would be put in condition," and as her lease had expired moving day found a woman with a resigned expression and a can't be cured manner directing the dismantling of what had been home while making heroic efforts to make the best of things by comforting herself with spending in prospective all that she would save.

A light housekeeping apartment with the janitress to help out with little chores. A light breakfast and to dine out would be her future programme. It would be so lovely to potter over a little gas stove. It all sounded so domestic that she tried to persuade herself that her one longing was for a home because she was so tired of hotel life.

True, the telephone had not been put in the new place, there was no messenger call and she learned later that, "the place being a business building, there was not even a front doorbell. Her furniture was stored in a distant city and a power of attorney had to be executed before the people would consent to shipping it, but if she was going to economize she would begin at the beginning and think only of that little hoard that was to secure against that "rainy day," and so she moved.

A box couch with a lot of pillows and a few trunks in a large bare room had a very disquieting effect on her nerves, but while she could not hope to be fully equipped in less than two weeks yet that would soon pass. But—there was not a chair to sit on, not a plate or knife or fork, not a cup or saucer or spoon, no bed linen, and only a fancy couch cover.

The first night she was so thirsty. No ice! No telephone! No messenger call! How could she get any ice? All in the house were absolute strangers to her, and so when it grew dark she crept down to the front door and waited. A newsboy sauntered by; she gave him a quarter, asking him to get her just a little lump. He forgot to return. Then came a friendly faced darky, who secured the luxury and received a generous tip. Even then she had no glass to drink from and had to shave off scrape of ice with a pin and shake them in an acid phosphate bottle to manage as an unsatisfactory thirst alleviator. In the morning she went out to breakfast and bought a little gas stove and an invoice of little kettles and pans and a few little dishes and sheets and pillowcases. The next morning she would fix her own breakfast, having ordered ice and bread to be left, but alas! no butter, pepper, or salt—so again to the café. The following morning, she could not bring herself to eat from a trunk top minus tablecloth and napkin, so out again she went.

The big bare room began to look uncanny and to feel creepy. No maid to help to dress and many of her gowns she could not get into unassisted. A bellboy from her old hotel brought her some mail and the look of pity on his face when he noted her surroundings hurt her pride. She bought a cutting table to eat from and fixed one breakfast, but the thought of having to wash the dishes robbed her of all appetite. She telegraphed to know when the furniture would arrive. The answer came that, the papers being defective, others must be forwarded. "Explanations by mail." It was so forlorn, and she had already spent more than she had intended to for small housekeeping perquisites, and could hardly see what she had got for her money. To collect the ordinary conveniences for even two or three people to dine in comfort she saw would entail quite an outlay.

Her economizing experiment was not encouraging and a few days of such forlorn surroundings and discomfort would dampen her ardor if it did not make her ill.

No hot water at any time, and this in a high priced rooming business house in a most desirable location in New York. No one to bring up her letters, no one to bring the newspapers, no one to mail her letters. It was awful.

And—the big bare room kept growing bigger and bigger. If she stayed there much longer it would begin to look as big as a baseball field. A dozen times she started absentmindedly to ring the telephone and sat down again on the one lonesome chair, disheartened.

The box couch had been an inviting cosey corner comfort, but as a substitute for a bed it was out of all proportion.

The next morning she tried to cook a steak, but the fat caught fire, scaring her nearly into fits, and after all the edges were burned and the middle raw.

It began to rain and the bare room grew absolutely weird. Then she began to cry.

"If I stay here I'll lose my senses," she sobbed. Then drying her eyes she wandered down into the cellar, where she found an old man tinkering. "Would you be kind enough to try to find me a cab?" she inquired.

He was stone deaf. After screaming herself into an apoplectic complexion she managed to made him understand.

When he returned with the cab she drove back to her old camping ground.

"Are my old quarters still open?" she asked, and a mighty contented woman resumed possession.

The porter went over and packed up her belongings, for she could not face those bare walls again.

And after making herself comfortable she gazed out of the window upon the rainy day and surveyed herself in the cheering long mirror:

"Women older and uglier than I," she murmured, "have managed to marry and be comfortable, and there is one thing certain—when my rainy day comes there has got to be a man around to hold an umbrella over my head."

Then she sang softly:

> Gee whiz! There'll have to be
> More wedding bells for me.
> I've had three, must have another.
> He must leave his home and mother,
> Bring me luck, and love and money,
> Then I'll be his sweetest honey—
> For sure as Fate there's got to be
> More wedding bells for me.

His Mother's Ruse Failed.

From the Kansas City Star.

A Kansas City professional man, who is prominently identified with Missouri politics, tells the following story on himself:

"My folks moved from Indiana to Johnson county, Missouri, when I was 8 years of age. We settled on a farm near Holden.

"The first Sunday we were there, and while the family was preparing for Sunday school, it was discovered that I did not have any shoes. My mother, realizing that 'folks would talk' if one of her children made his first public appearance barefooted, suggested that I have a cloth tied around one foot to create the impression that I was unable to wear shoes because of a sore foot. So the rag was tied on me.

"Everything went along smoothly and I learned all about bears eating the bad children up when I heard a snicker from a boy I afterward licked. He was pointing to my right foot. I glanced downward.

"The rag had slipped off and my mother's ruse was exposed."